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A True
RELATION

Of the several
Facts and Circumstances

Of the intended
Riot and Tumult

O N
Queen ELIZABETH's Birth-day.

GATHERED
From Authentick Accounts: And published for the Information of all true Lovers of our Constitution in CHURCH and STATE.

L O N D O N,
Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. 1711. Price 2d.

20 Nov. 1711

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L O N D O N

Printed for John Marston, near St. Dun-
stons Church, in Fleet-street. 1711.

S I R,

I Am very sorry so troublesom a Companion as the Gout, delays the Pleasure I expected by your Conversation in Town. You desire to know the Truth of what you call a Ridiculous Story, inserted in *Dyer's* Letter and the *Post-Boy*, concerning the *Figures* that were seized in *Drury-Lane*, and seem'd only designed for the Diversion of the Mob, to rouse their old Antipathy to Popery, and create new Aversion in them to the *Pretender*. If, indeed, this had been their only Intent, your Reflections would be reasonable, and your Compassion pardonable : It is an odd sort of good Nature, to grieve at the Rabbles being disappointed of their Sport, or, as you please to term it, of what would for the time being have certainly made them very happy : But, Sir, you will not fail to change your Opinion, when I shall tell you, that there was never a blacker Design formed, unless it were blowing up the Parliament House. No Mortal can foresee what might have been the ill Effects, if it had once come to Execution ; we are well assured, that under pretence of *Custom* and *Zeal*, and what they

call an *Innocent Diversion*, lurked a dangerous Conspiracy: For whoever goes about to disturb the Publick Peace and Tranquility, must needs be Enemies to the Q—— and her Government.

You have been informed of the surprizing Generosity and Fit of House-keeping the *German P——s* has been guilty of this Summer, at her Country Seat, in direct Contradiction to her former thrifty Management; though, to do her Justice, she is not so Parsimonious as her L--d, nor sets half that Value upon a Guinea, though her Dexterity in *Getting* be as great as his, he out-does her in *Preserving*. She has had a wonderful Address in some things, witness the known Story of the Diamond, which is as great an Instance of good Management on her Side, as my L--d's making one Suit of Clothes serve three set of Buttons, can be of his Frugality. She seems to have forgot, or rather out-lived all the foster Passions, those beautiful Blemishes for which they are often pitied by our Sex, but never really hated. *Wrath*, *Ill-nature*, *Spleen*, and *Revenge*, are those with whom her L——p has been in League with for many Months: She has even fallen into the common Weakness of unfortunate Women, who have recourse to silly Fellows called *Conjurers*; or, perhaps in Imitation of her Mother. Her L——p wanted a *very Witch*, she would give any thing to converse with

with a *real Witch*; at last she took up with a *Wizard*, an ignorant Creature, who pretends to deal with the Stars, and by Corresponding with Thief-Catchers, helps People to their Goods, when they have been stolen. To please her Highness, he revived an old Cheat of making an Image like the Person she most hated; upon which Image he would so far work by Enchantment, that him it represented, from that moment, should grow distempered, and languish out his short Life in divers sort of Pains. Since the *Wizard* was took into the Lady's Pay, a certain Great Man has happened to be indisposed, by which means she remains very well satisfied with the Experiment, and imagines this Accident to be owing to the Force of her Inchantment, from which she promises her self still greater Events. Though we laugh at the Folly, we can't but remark the Malice of the Attempt.

On *Friday* the Sixteenth of *November* the Heads of the Party met at the New Palace, where the late *Viceroy* recounted to them the happy Disposition of Affairs, and concluded, *That notwithstanding all their Misfortunes, they had still to Morrow for it.* This Person, who has so often boasted himself upon his Talent for *Mischief, Invention, Lying*, and for making a certain *Lilli bullero Song*, with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms,

was resolved to try if, by the Cry of *No Peace, High Church, Popery, and the Pretender*, he could Halloo another in. There were several *Figures* dressed up, fifteen of them were found in an empty House in *Drury lane*; the *Pope*, the *Pretender*, and the *Devil*, seated under a *State*, whereof the Canopy was Scarlet Stuff trimmed with deep Silver Fringe; the *Pope* was as fine as a *Pope* need to be, the *Devil* as terrible, the *Pretender* habited in Scarlet laced with Silver, a full fair long Periwig, and a Hat and Feather. They had all white Gloves, not excepting the very *Devils*, which whether quite so proper, I leave to the Learned. This *Machine* was designed to be born upon Men's Shoulders; the long Train dependant from the *Figures*, were to conceal those that carried them. Six *Devils* were to appear as driving the Chariot, to be followed by four *Cardinals*, in fine proper Habits; four *Jesuits*, and four *Franciscan Friars*, each with a pair of white Gloves on, a pair of Beads, and a Flaming, or if you please a Bloody, Faulchion in their Hands. Pray judge, if such a Parade should at any time appear, without the proper disposition of Lights, &c. as was here intended, do you not believe it would be a sufficient Call to the Multitude? and that they would never forsake it, 'till their Curiosity had been satisfied to the full? Any Man in his Senses may find this was a deli-

deliberate, as well as a great Expence. To prepare Mens Minds for Sedition, one *Stoughton's* Sermon (which was lately burnt by the Common Hangman in *Ireland*, by Order of the House of Lords) Preached at *St. Patrick's* in *Dublin*, and Printed there, was that very Week *Re-printed* here, and handed about with extream Diligence: And to fill the People with false Fear and Terror, they had some Days before reported, that the Q—— was dangerously Ill of the Gout in her Stomach and Bowels: The very Day of the designed Procession it was wispered upon the *Exchange*, and over all the City, that She was Dead. A Gentlewoman that makes Wax-work, declares, that sometime before, certain Persons of Quality, as she judged, who called one another *Sir Harry*, *Sir John*, *Sir James*, &c. came to her House, and bespoke several Wax-work Figures, one for a Lady; they agreed to her Price, paid half in Hand, and the rest when they fetch'd them away. These Figures are not yet taken. One was designed to represent the L——d T——r, the Lady *Mrs. Ma——m*, and the rest the other Great Officers of the Court, with *Dr. S——l*; which the Workwoman was ordered to make as like his Picture as possibly she could. A certain Lady, renowned for Beauty, at the P——s's Palace, desired that she might have the Dressing up of the *Young, handsome Statesman*, whose bright Parts are so terrible to the Enemies of

his Country; in order to it, the proposed borrowing from the Play-house, *Aesop's large white Horse-hair Periwig*: Her L---d furnish'd out the rest of the Materials from the Q---'s *W---d---be*. No wonder he should be an Enemy to Peace, when his Father gains so much by the continuance of the War. Nor that a certain young D--- was so eager to have him go in Disguise with the *Viceroy*, since it was agreed, upon his Absence, that the said Nobleman should *pass the Night* with his L---y.

Further, to convince you that this was a premeditated Design, and carried on in all its Forms, proper Persons had been busie before-hand to secure a thousand Mob to carry Lights at this goodly Procession: One of these Agents came to a Victualling-House in *Clare-Market*, he called for Drink, and the Master of the House, of whom he enquired if he could procure him forty stout Fellows to carry *Flambeauxs* on Saturday the 17th instant, to meet there at one a Clock, they should have a Crown a-piece in Hand, and whatever they drank till five, he would be there to see discharged. At such a Proposal, mine Host prickt up his Ears, and told his Honour, his Honour need not fear but that he might have as many as his Honour pleased at that Price: Accordingly he fetch'd in several from the Market, *Butchers, Tripe-men, Poulterers-Prentices*, who joyfully list'd themselves against the Day, because

cause it was to be a Holy-day, and they should not stand in need of their Masters leave, for on *Q—* *Bess's* Day, they said, they went always out of course. The Landlord promised to make up the Complement by the appointed Time, with honest Lads, who would be glad to get their Bellies full of Drink, and a Crown a-piece, in an honest way. All was agreed upon, the Gentleman paid the Reckoning, which came to a considerable Sum in Beer and Brandy, for his Mob, and departed, with assurance of being there at one a Clock to meet his Mirmidons; but the matter being discovered, he has not been heard of since, to the great disappointment of the good Man, and the People he had engaged. The like happened in several other parts of the Town. They had secured to the number, as I told you, of One Thousand Persons, who were so hired to carry Lights, tho' they knew not to what End, doubtless for a *Burial*, among whom were many of the very Foot-Guards. Drinking from One to Five, 'tis plain they were to be made drunk, the better to qualify them for what Mischief was designed by their proper Leaders. The *Viceroy*, with some others of as good, and two or three of better rank than himself, were resolved to act in disguise; the *Viceroy* like a *Seaman*, in which he hoped to out-do *Masfanello* of *Naples*, whose Fame he very much envies

envies for the mighty Mischief he occasion-
 ed : His busie Head was the first Inventor of
 the Design, and he would take it very ill if
 he were robbed of the Glory ! He had lately
 proved the Power of an *accidental Mob*, and
 therefore hoped much better from a *preme-
 ditated One* : He did not doubt inflaming
 them to his Wish, by the Noise of *Popery*
 and the *Pretender*, by which they would be
 put into a Humour, to burn even Dr. S——
 and the other *Effigies*. At their several Bone-
 fires, where the *Parade* was to make a Stand,
 the Preliminary Articles were to be burnt,
 with a Cry of, *No Peace*, and proper Messen-
 gers were to come galloping, as if like to
 break their Necks, their Hories all in a foam,
 who should cry out, *The Q——, the Q——
 was dead at Hampton-Court*. At the same
 time the D—— of M—— was to make
 his Entry through *Aldgate*, where he was
 to be met with the Cry of, *Victory, Bou-
 chain, the Lives, no Peace, no Peace*.
 If matters had once come to this pass, I
 do not see what could have hindered the
 Leaders from doing all the mischief they
 desired, from exalting and pulling down
 whom they pleased, nor from executing,
 during the rage of the People, preposses-
 sed, as they would be, with the News of the
 Q——'s death, whatever Violence, Inju-
 stice and Cruelty, they should think fit.
 They had resolved before, what Houses
 should

should be burnt: They were to begin with one in *Essex-street*, where the Commissioners of Accompts meet, from whence a late Discovery has been made of vast Sums annually received by a Great Man, for his permission to serve the Army with Bread. They said, *H---y* should have better Luck than they expected, if he escaped *De Witting*; they would set People to watch him all that Day, that they might know where to find him when they had occasion. And truly who can answer for the Consequence of such a Tumult, the Rage of a mad drunken Populace, fomented by such Incendiaries, (for the whole Party, to a Man, were engaged to be there) I don't see how the City could have escaped Destruction? There were many to kindle Fires, none to put them out. The *Spectator*, who ought to be but a Looker-on, was to have been an Assistant, that seeing *London* in a Flame, he might have opportunity to paint after the Life, and remark the behaviour of the People in the ruin of their Country, so to have made a *diverting Spectator*. But I cannot but look up to God Almighty with Praise for our Deliverance, and really think we have very much need of a Thanksgiving, for in all probability the Mischief had been *universal* and *irremediable*. I tremble to think what lengths they would have gone: I dare not so much

as

as imagine it. They had taken *Massanello's* Insurrection for a Precedent, by which all who were not directly of their own Party had suffered, as may be gathered from what we know of their Nature, and by what is already discovered, tho' there is doubtless a great deal more behind. As soon as the Figures were seized, they dispatched away a Messenger Express to the Place where it was known the Duke intended to Land, to tell him he might now take his own Time, there was no occasion for his being on the seventeenth Instant, by seven at Night, at Aldgate; and so he lay that Night five miles short of the Town.

However the Viceroy may value himself upon this Design, he seems but to have copied my Lord Sh——y in 1679, on the same Anniversary. It is well known, by the favour of the Mob, they hoped then to have made the Duke of *Monmouth* King, who was planted at Sir *Thomas Fowls's* at *Temple-bar*, to wait the Event; whilst the rest of the great Men of his Party, were over the way at *Henry the Eighth's Tavern*. King *Charles* had been persuaded to come to Sir *Francis Child's* to see the Procession, but before it began, he had private Notice given him to retire, for fear of what mischief the Mob might be wrought up to: He did so, which ruined the Design they had to seize on his Person, and proclaim the Duke, King.

This

This was the Scheme our *Modern Politicians* went upon. One of them was heard to say, *They must have more Diversions than one, i. e. burning, for the good People of London, since the Mob loved to * Cre-* * Make a K—g. *ate, as well as Destroy.*

By this time, I do not doubt, Sir, but you are thoroughly convinced of the Innocence of this intended Procession, which they publicly avow, and tell the M——y they are welcome to make what they can of it, knowing themselves safe by having only intended, not acted the *Mischief*; if it had once come to *That*, they would have been so far above the fear of punishment for their Crimes, as to become Executioners of the Innocent.

Truly, I think the *Malice* of that Party is Immortal, since not to be satiated with twenty three Years Plunder, the Blood of so many Wretches, nor the immense Debt with which they have burthened us. Through the unexampled goodness of the Q——, and the lenity of the other Parts of the *Legislature*, they are suffered to sit down unmolested, to bask and revel in that Wealth they have so unjustly acquired; yet they pursue their Principles with unwearied Industry, club their *Wit, Money, Politicks*, towards restoring their Party to that Power from whence they are fallen; which, since they find so difficult

difficult, they take care, by all methods, to disturb and vilify those who are in possession of it. *Peace* is such a bitter Pill they know not how to swallow: To poyson the People against it, they turn, they try every Nail, and have at last hit of one they think will go, and that they drive to the Head: They cry, *No Peace* 'till the Trade of our own Nation be entirely given up to our Neighbours. Thus they would carry on the Publick Good of *Europe*, at the Expence of our own private Destruction. They cry our *Trade* will be ruin'd if the *Spanish West-Indies* remain to a Son of *France*. Tho' the death of his Father may cause *Philip* to forget his Birth and Country which he left so Young. After the decease of his Grandfather, he will be, *only* the *Brother* of a haughty rough-natured King, who in all probability may give him many occasions to become every Day more and more a *Spaniard*.

They do not allow the *Dauphin's* or the *Emperor's* Death have made an Alteration in Affairs, and confide all Things to the supine Temper of the *Austrian* Princes, from whence they conclude there can be no Danger in trusting half *Europe* to the easie unactive Hands of such an Emperor. But may not another *Charles* the Fifth arise? Another *Philip* the Second? Who, though not possessed of the *Austrian* Territories, gave more
 Trouble

Trouble and Terror to *England*, than ever she felt from *France*; infomuch, as had not the Seas and Winds fought our Battles, their *Invincible Armada* had certainly brought upon us Slavery, and a Popish Queen. Neither is it a new Thing for Princes to *Improve*, as well as *Degenerate*. Power generally brings a Change of Temper. *Philip de Comines* tells us, That the Great Duke of *Burgundy* in his Youth hated the Thoughts of War, and the Fatigue of the Field. After he had fought and gained one Battle, he loved nothing else, and could never be easie in Peace, but led all his Life in War, and at length died in it; for want of other Enemies, fighting against the poor barren *Swissers*, who were possessed of nothing worth contending for.

But it is not *Reason*, or even *Facts*, that can subdue this *Stubborn* Party; they bear down all by Noise and Misrepresentation; they are, but will not be, convinced, and make it their Business to prevent others from being so. If they can but Rail and make a Clamour, they hope to be believed, though the miserable Effects of their *Male-administration* are Ten thousand to One against them. A festering obvious Sore, which when it can be healed we know not, though the most famous Artists apply their constant Skill to endeavour at a Cure. Their Aversion to
any

any Government but their own, is unalterable; like some *Rivers*, that are said to pass through, without mingling with the Sea; though disappearing for a time, they arise the same, and never change their Nature.

London, Nov. 20.

1711.

I am, SIR, &c.

F. Y. N. I. S.

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